The Story of the Grumpy Man and the Child

There was once a grumpy man

who carried many wounds.

He dreamed of a God

who was a tyrant,

a mighty warrior who crushed all his enemies.

And served his plate very well

In his dreams,

heaven was a great hall of war,

filled with victory songs of praise

Power of Man

and endless feasting.

A war legend’s final victory

But even there,

his heart remained restless,

he could not escape the weight of his own anger.

After he had won the war

Nearby lived a child.

The child dreamed not of a tyrant,

but of a Father.

A Father who cared,

who sat with him when he was sad,

who fought when he was afraid,

who comforted him out of rage,

The grumpy man shouted,

“Paradise is for the Mighty!”

But the child whispered,

“Heaven for the beloved.”

And in the end,

when the true God appeared,

the tyrant in the grumpy man’s mind vanished,

but the child ran into the arms of a Father

and found the real kingdom

On a love that never ends.